

Possibilities

Chloé Speas

Everything is old
Yet somehow new
I find more colors
Not just blue
I looked around
And someway found
My world expand
And then I knew
My life is mine
No longer gloom's
Peace in change
And free to bloom
No more to hinge
On other's whims
My lot to cast
Until I end
My brain whispers
My heart screams
My soul, it echoes
— possibilities